



PAGODA THAT STOOD BESIDE THE WILLOW TREE,
NOW IN FRONT OF RAILWAY STATION, PYENGYANG



WILLOW TREE—MARKING SPOT WHERE THE CREW
OF THE *General Sherman* WERE MASSACRED IN
1866, PYENGYANG

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Editorial Notes.

THE frontispiece illustrations call vividly to mind the loss of the *General Sherman* and crew casually mentioned in an article in the May Magazine and again alluded to this month in the article on Captain Shufeldt. The willow tree stands now as then on the bank of the river at Pyeng Yang, but the pagoda has been moved and placed immediately in front of the Pyeng Yang railway station.

SOIL and climate serve to place the fruit crops of Korea in an enviable position. There has been a great development in the fruit industry in the last three years. Apples in several localities are produced in abundance, of superior taste and keeping quality. But for distinct variety the Korean "kam" is unexcelled.

INTEREST rates are decidedly lower now than in former days for the ordinary Korean who wishes to obtain money on good security, yet it is still a very common practice for a man to pay three per cent per month, giving security valued at four or five times the amount of the debt, and consider himself fortunate in being able to secure any money at all. Until there is developed sound business sagacity in the use of money, it will be high.

SEVERAL previous attempts have been made to establish a modern paper mill in Korea, but very few sheets have been made here except by the slow and costly process of pounding the sheets of pulp with wooden mauls. Reports at hand indicate that we are now to have at least two mills with rolls for making continuous paper web, of smooth surface and superior quality. It is not likely that a stronger paper will be found than that now manufactured by Koreans, but it necessarily has a rough surface, making its use impractical for ordinary

printing or pen writing purposes. All the paper now used in the peninsula for printing is imported, most of it of a cheap grade, but very expensive by the time it travels so far, passes through so many hands, and pays the duty. All printed matter comes in free of duty. It is hoped the new paper mills will furnish a good paper at a cheaper price.

ENTERPRISE of an entirely new character is establishing in Korea what may prove to be revolutionary, both from a manufacturing and agricultural standpoint. A company has been formed and the capital secured for building the first beet sugar factory. We have been accustomed to think of a beet sugar factory as a place where there must be an initial expenditure of millions before even the first pound of sugar could be obtained, but that once established on a sound basis, with an ample supply of beets containing a sufficient per cent of sugar assured, there would be no question of financial reward. This seems also to be the thought of the financial men who are backing this project for Korea. They are providing funds without stint, the factory will be equipped with modern machinery, and experts will be in charge. Experiments have been made as to soil suitability, and steps have been taken to assure a sufficient acreage. There should be no difficulty in getting Korean laborers, and with trained foremen the crop can be produced at minimum expense. A supply of good seed may be difficult to obtain in these days of war; but if all the adverse conditions can be overcome fortunes surely await those making the venture. If one factory can be made a success it will open the way for the investment of more capital, and establishing an industry now absolutely new and untried in this country. As in other lands diversity in farm crops has been very beneficial to the farmers, so we hail with pleasure the cultivation of sugar beets in Korea as holding bright prospects for Korean and Japanese farmers. The crop of beets should be as certain as is the crop of rice, and with no more labor.

EVERY European country will this year undertake to do more than it has ever done in the way of providing food

for its own people. Canada and Australia will have bumper wheat crops if weather conditions are favorable. The United States recognizes the necessity not only for a mobilization of troops but a mobilization of every person physically able to cultivate a plot of ground. So will her hundred million be well nourished and there will be a surplus for those nations with less ground to cultivate or with a smaller supply of available farm labor. Korea is also to have her part in providing for the needs of others. Already her cattle have furnished meat for Russia, and the hides have been in steady demand for export both green and as manufactured leather. Korean rice has been exported in considerable quantities, but here is certainly a place where Korea can render a more conspicuous service than she has yet done. Improved seed, improved methods of cultivation, and improved methods of marketing, will all help in producing a larger export trade, greatly to be desired by all concerned. Korea can do her bit by utilizing to the full the knowledge now available through her agricultural schools and experiment stations. She can greatly improve her finances by raising larger crops of rice and more cattle for export. The cotton crop can be largely increased. Wheat should be more generally cultivated, for though the Koreans are not bread eaters there is an export demand for all the wheat raised here. There is every reason to believe that Korea could easily pay for all her imports by the crop she can raise for export, and have a substantial credit balance.

ADMIRAL SHUFELDT'S VISITS TO KOREA

In the May number of the Korea Magazine an article appeared under the caption of "Interpreting for Captain Shufeldt." As far as we know it is the first time the detailed part taken by Dr. Corbett in the expedition of Admiral Shufeldt has appeared in print. It is, therefore, of special historic interest to the readers of the Korea Magazine.

There have been many accounts of the manner in which

the *General Sherman* was destroyed. There are Koreans still living in the city of Pyeng Yang opposite the point where the ill-fated ship was stranded who claim to have been eye witnesses to the tragedy. According to their testimony, rafts were loaded with brush wood, set on fire and launched on the river above the steamer. The receding tide carried them down upon the doomed ship.

Concerning the work of Admiral Shufeldt on this visit to the shores of Korea and opening of the country to the Western Nations we are fortunately in possession of an article from his own pen. So much interest on the part of the readers of the Korea Magazine has been aroused concerning this historic incident we are printing the Admiral's statement below. The article appeared in the February number of the Korean Repository 1892, with the statement from the pen of H. G. Appenzeller that the Admiral had prepared the manuscript at the writer's request.

"In December 1866 I was in command of the U. S. S. Wachusett lying in the harbor of Hong Kong, when the news reached Admiral Bell who commanded the American squadron on the China station, of the destruction of the American schooner, General Sherman, and the massacre of her entire crew in some river in the northwestern part of Korea. This information was brought to China by a French priest who escaped from Korea in a Chinese junk, after the murder of his colleagues and their converts in that country.

"Admiral Bell immediately despatched the Wachusett under my command to Chefoo with orders, after ascertaining all the particulars possible, to go to the scene of the massacre, wherever it might be upon the coast of Korea. I found that the General Sherman had sailed from Shanghai under the command of a certain Captain Preston, who was well known as an adventurer and who was the only American citizen on board. The Supercargo was, as I remember, an Englishman, and the entire crew were Chinese. The ship was laden with muskets, powder, and other articles which were contraband and had evidently sailed on a marauding expedition. While in Chefoo, I engaged the services of a Chinese pilot. An American

missionary, the Rev. Dr. Hunter Corbett, of Chefoo, familiar with the Chinese language, volunteered to accompany me. Taking the ship directly across from Chefoo, and after carefully navigating the unknown waters of the coast, we anchored, some time in January, opposite a small town, which the Chinese pilot said was at the mouth of the Ta Tong river. From this point I addressed a letter to the King of Korea, asking him the reasons of the destruction of the General Sherman and the murder of the crew, expressing my surprise at the barbarism of the act, particularly as I knew that on the previous occasion of the shipwreck of an American vessel, the government of Korea had transported the crew with all of their effects with great care to the boundary of China where they safely reached their own country. After some day's delay, we succeeded in getting the official of the village, before mentioned, to send this letter to the Governor of the Province, with the request that it might be forwarded to the capital of Korea. After a further delay of some days, the messenger returned with the reply that my despatch had been forwarded, but that it would take at least twenty days at that season of the year to obtain an answer. Meanwhile our intercourse with the people had not been of an unfriendly character, and we had been informed that the General Sherman had wilfully and under constant protest ascended the Ta Tong river; that finally, the crew landing and behaving in a lawless manner, were attacked and murdered by an enraged mob, which was entirely beyond the control of the authorities.

"It may be as well to state here, that for centuries Chinese junk had been in the habit of coming over to Korea for the purpose of robbery, stealing ponies and cattle and cutting the timber. In consequence of these things the Chinese were intensely hated by Koreans. Meanwhile we had also ascertained; that the point of our anchorage was not as we supposed at the mouth of the river where the affair had occurred; this river, in point of fact, was about thirty miles north of us. After remaining at our anchorage for ten or fifteen days from the despatch of the courier, finding the ship was gradually being frozen in, and apprehending that we

might not be able to get out until spring, by which time our provisions would have been exhausted, I determined to leave without waiting longer for a reply, with the intention, however, of returning later in the season after re-provisioning. On reaching Shanghai I found, to my regret, orders for the ship to return to the United States, her cruise having expired. From that moment, however, I conceived the idea and considered it possible to make a treaty with this Hermit Nation without the exhibition of force.

"It may be as well to state here, that in the ensuing Spring (1867) the U. S. S. Shenandoah, under the command of Captain Febiger, did ascend the Ta Tong river, where he received a copy of the reply to my letter, the original having been sent to Peking to my address. This letter was so statesman-like in its character, and bore such intrinsic evidence of the truth of its statements that both Captain Febiger and I were convinced that the attack upon the General Sherman was made by an unauthorized mob under strong provocation. This letter was forwarded from Peking to Washington and reached there when I had again left the United States on other duty. When I did get it—a year or two afterwards—circumstances prevented me from taking the matter of a Treaty with Korea into further consideration.

"In 1871 a naval expedition, under command of Admiral John Rodgers and by the direction of the American Minister at Peking, Mr. Low, landed upon the coast of Korea, made an attack upon the defences at the mouth of the Han river, as a matter of reprisal for the burning of the General Sherman. I was satisfied at the time, that if that unfortunate affair had been properly understood, this expedition would not have been undertaken. It however accomplished nothing, on the contrary it was an obstacle in the way of obtaining a treaty by peaceful means, which intention I did not even then abandon. In 1878 I finally obtained consent of the Secretary of the Navy to take the U. S. S. Ticonderoga on a commercial and diplomatic cruise around the world—the final object being to make a Treaty of Amity with Korea. The Hon. John Bingham, then U. S. Minister to Japan, was directed to ask the co-operation

of the Japanese Government for this purpose. After an interview with the Japanese Secretary for Foreign Affairs, at Tokio, I proceeded to Fusan and addressed a letter to the Government at Seoul, reminding that Government of my former letter in 1866 and the occasion of it, and asking if a Treaty with America could not be made for the protection of American life and property on the coast of Korea. I found the Korean officials at Fusan very unwilling to enter into any intercourse whatever, and the ship, in fact, was placed in quarantine. After waiting some time for a reply I left for Nagasaki, where I received, through the Japanese government, an answer to my letter, in which exception was taken to the address I used and it was intimated that the times were not opportune for making a Treaty with a foreign Power.

"While thus delayed in Nagasaki, I received an intimation from Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of Chihli, that if I would make him a personal visit, a way might be found to accomplish the desired object. I at once went and had an interview with the Viceroy, the purport of which was finally, that he would send over to Korea and get that government to appoint a commission to meet me at first in China. As this would take some time and as the cruise of the Ticonderoga had expired, I agreed to come back to China, after returning to the United States, and conduct the negotiations.

"The Ticonderoga arrived at San Francisco in November 1880. I proceeded at once to Washington and through the earnest assistance of Mr. Blaine—then Secretary of State—I was sent to China as Naval Attache to the American Legation, with a secret authority, however, to make a Treaty with Korea. It is needless to go into the particulars of the long delays which ensued, and which are apparently inseparable from Oriental diplomacy. The negotiations were tedious, from the fact, that although the Korean Commissioners were in Tientsin, I rarely saw them, and the affair was conducted through the subordinates of the Viceroy, whose object seemed to be, to make an American Treaty for the benefit of China. The obstacle constantly thrown in the way, was the suzerainty of China over Korea, a point which China had waived, if it ever

existed, whenever Korea had come into collision with other powers. After six months' delay, a draft of the Treaty was made, on the basis of the independence of the Korean Kingdom. The Korean Commissioners returned to their own country and I, having the authority of the Secretary of the Navy to use a man-of-war, went over on the U. S. S. Swatara. Landing at the present site of Chemulpo, and without any display of force, I went to the magistracy of In Chun and there meeting the Korean Commissioners—three in number—perfected the Treaty, a rough draft of which had been previously sent to Korea.

"A few days afterwards, the Koreans having provided a tent upon the point at Chemulpo, I landed with a staff of officers, and a small guard of men. Having peacefully planted the American flag before the tent and to the tune of Yankee Doodle, I signed the first Treaty ever made between the Hermit Nation and any Western Power. While this was going on, France, England, Germany, and Italy, each with the prestige of royalty, or by the use of threats, were trying to let down the bars of the gates, but I am very glad for the sake of our country that we were the pioneers in accomplishing the feat of bringing the last of the exclusive countries within the pale of Western Civilization. It was as easy a thing to do, as for Columbus to stand his egg upon its end."

TOBACCO IN KOREA.

The history of tobacco is one of the fairy-tales of earth. Surely the touch of a magic wand must have aided it in its extensive travels, and in its power to overcome every opposition.

It landed in Korea somewhere about 1616 by way of Japan. Japan had received it from Western merchants who brought it from Europe, name and all, *tam-bak-ko*. Its grip upon the world has lasted 300 years, without any slackening today of its youthful vigour.

Sixteen hundred and sixteen was the year in which King James of England wrote his *Counterblast* against tobacco. He expected by one regal sweep to rid the earth of its presence, so he beheaded Sir Walter Raleigh, the first smoker, and wrote the following: "And for the vanity committed in this filthy custom, is it not the great vanity and uncleanness, that at a table—a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty—men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco-pipes and puffing of smoke, one at another, making the filthy smoke and the smell thereof to exhale athwart the dishes and infect the air, when, very often men who abhor it, are at their repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining-chamber; and yet it makes the kitchen often-times in the inward parts of man, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco-takers that after their deaths were opened."

This is surely a stunning blow, and yet tobacco went serenely on its way to conquer England, France and all the rest of Europe.

It passed on towards the East, where, it seems, the Grand Vizier of Turkey was so incensed against it, that he ran the pipe through the nose of every smoker he could find; while his fellow-religionist, the Shah of Persia, cropped the ears and slit the nose of anyone venturing to blow tobacco rings in his territory.

Undaunted by this opposition in high place, it made its way to the Far East and finally reached Korea.

There was much doubt manifested as to its character on its first arrival. The following comment by Yi Ik who was born in 1629 A. D. is of interest: "Tobacco became generally known in this country in the closing years of King Kwang-hai (1615-1623 A. D.). The common story is that it came from a place in the far south called Tam-pa, hence its name *tampai*, I asked Teacher Tai-ho, 'Do you think tobacco is good for the health?'

"He replied, 'It is good for those troubled with phlegm, or those who are inclined to have spells of nausea. Those who have indigestion and insomnia are benefited by it. It allays

bitter flavours in the throat, and is also a protection against the cold of the winter season.'

"But is it not also hurtful?" I inquired.

"His reply was, 'There are dangers that go with it. It may be hurtful internally, to a man's mentality, or externally, to his eyes and ears. On its continued use the hair grows gray; the face becomes dark and thin; the teeth fall out; the flesh dries away, and old age rushes upon you. The dangers, I say, are very great. The smell of it too, is dreadful, and no man using it need ever expect to come into touch with the immortal gods. It also consumes one's money to no end. In a world like this, where men are rushed with work, to give up time, every little while, to the use of tobacco seems unthinkable. If one were to take the time and strength so wasted, and use it in study, he would undoubtedly become a sage; or if, instead of doting over tobacco, he gave the same attention to the affairs of his family, he would become a rich man.'"

Cho Keuk-sun (1598-1658 A. D.) says of it, "There is an evil weed which bears the name of *tam-bak-kwai* that came to us about the year 1615. Those who use it cut the leaves fine, and make a pipe of brass into which they place them. This pipe is round at the top and bent at the lower end. Into the bent end they fit a bamboo stem that has a hole drilled through it. Thus, by means of this stem, they draw the smoke into the mouth after they have set fire to the tobacco in the bowl."

Chang Yoo (1587-1638 A. D.), who is supposed to have been the first to introduce smoking into Korea, stood in the same light before his king, as did Sir Walter Raleigh before King James. He was remonstrated with about it, but wrote in reply a verse that runs about like this :

'Thou loose filled flower, with oily seed,
And leaf that turns a brownish tan,
You were not born of Chinese breed,
But came to us from east Japan.
Across the sea in savage ships,
You made your way by lifted sail.

A master of the heart and lips !

Thou wonder-weed, thou fairy-tale !”

His flippancy, however, nearly cost him his head. His father-in-law, Kim Sang-yong, (the famous man who later blew himself up on a bag of gunpowder in Kang-wha), informed against him, and it was touch and go for a time as to whether his spirit would join Raleigh's or not. His fear of being seen smoking by his father-in-law, accounts for Koreans to-day hurrying the pipe out of the mouth and hiding it away on the approach of a superior.

One of Korea's chief ministers, writing in the year 1639 calmly says, "From officers of state to the lowest wood-carriers in the land, all use tobacco. Its name does not appear in any of our works on *materia medica*, and so we do not know its exact nature, its strength, or how it affects one. Its taste is bitter, with a slight suggestion of poison about it. You are not supposed to eat the leaves, but only to inhale the smoke. Anyone taking an overdose is made drunk by it, and has to lie down ; but those accustomed to it are not so affected.

"In the treatment of 'red-nose' it is said to be very good. Still I have thought that since it has a heating and drying effect it must be bad for the lungs, and consequently for the nose.

"My friend Cho, however, says it is not so, but that it is good and cures indigestion. I expect he is right in the matter."

The same writer adds, "Though scarce a score of years has passed since the 'south weed' began its course, it has grown out of all possible proportion. In less than a hundred years it will vie with tea in its race for the world.

"In ancient times people in southern climes used the betel-nut. They said, 'This nut will make a drunken man sober, and a sober man drunk ; it will satisfy the hungry, and give relief to those satiated with overeating.' Evidently this is the praise of one fascinated by its wiles. The world to-day that uses tobacco, says the same, 'It makes the hungry satisfied ; it helps digestion in the case of those overfed ; it makes the cold, warm ; and cools the overheated.' Just the same as the betel-nut, very funny indeed !

"Those who oppose tobacco do so on the ground that it

comes originally from the barbarian, and is not found in our list of ancient herbs. This is quite an unreasonable argument, and unworthy of a gentleman. The list of ancient herbs was made up in the time of Wi-jong of the Songs (1101-1125 A. D.). The names of those tasted and recorded by Sillong make up only one tenth of the whole number. Since the times of the Tangs many new ones have come to us, yes, and have come from the barbarian. There is *pagoji* now, a most efficacious remedy. It came originally from beyond the pale. If tobacco is to be condemned for coming from the barbarian, why not also *pagoji*? I do not know whether this south-weed is good for one or not, but, if it is, we need not bother our heads about where it came from."

The following statement comes down to us from Yi Sik (1584-1647 A. D.) a contemporary of Shakespeare, "Tobacco comes to us from the land of the East Sea (Japan). The Japanese say that it is the soul of the virtuous woman, and they account for it thus, 'A certain man lay dying and his wife tried all possible means for his recovery, but failed. He died, and in her distress she said, 'I shall die with him and may my soul become a medicine for this troubled world.' Her soul became not a tree, but a plant, whose leaves came up like cabbage, and whose flavour was a slightly bitter sweet. It grew abundantly from the grave of her husband, very fresh and bright in colour. Eight or nine out of ten who tasted of it were made drunk. At last a noted physician made use of it as medicine, had the leaves mixed in wine and steamed. They were burned and the smoke inhaled. Through an instrument of brass, long like the trunk of an elephant, the smoke was conveyed to the mouth. On smoking it, all the phlegms and indigestions of the body took their departure, and the inner being became sweet and light."

Much anxiety was felt at times regarding the hold that tobacco was getting on the land, and in 1732 we find a memorial presented to his Majesty which is backed up by one of the ministers in the following manner, "Some twenty years ago when on a journey to Chulla Province, I noticed, that in the cultivation of the 'weed,' farmers used only waste corners of the

fields; but, two years ago, when I went again, I found that the best of the lands of the province were given up to it. In the counties of Chang-soo and Chin-an the whole place seemed relegated to the cultivation of tobacco. Also, places that I did not see, such as the islands off the west coast, have fallen victims to the same practice. Thus, land useful for cultivation, has been given up to this useless thing to be whiffed away in smoke. There are no words by which to express one's indignation! If there were strict orders against it given at seed time by every official, people would not dare to sow it. Will not Your Majesty issue such a command and have the abuse stopped?"

King Yung-jong who was then 38 years of age, and had been eight years on the throne, replied, "Many have made similar propositions to me, but to issue an order for its wholesale extermination would cause trouble, nevertheless we cannot allow rice land to be given up to its cultivation. We shall command the Governors of the south to see that good lands are no longer used for the raising of tobacco."

Here is a warning appended by Nam Kong-ch'ul who died in 1840 A. D. "Chong Sung says that King Moo of China (1122 B. C.) had characters written on his books, his clothes, his boxes, his staff, in order that they might serve as a warning to him. He had them written so that all could see. One can judge from this how careful the ancients were in the smallest matter, and how far-reaching their thought. I write this as a preface to what I wish to say on tobacco :

Let him who smokes, like those who fight,
 Watch lest his pipe should get control,
 For he who lights, and lights this light,
 May kindle Tophet in his soul."

The sum total of all comment in Korea is decidedly against tobacco.

King James was against it; the Shah of Persia was against and all the other masters of the East, and yet, with an air of light indifference, tobacco has encircled the earth and tightened its grip as the centuries have gone by. It is a sign and a wonder, a proof that somewhere, somehow, all mankind may

be one. The East and West do not dress alike, do not eat alike, do not talk alike, do not think alike. One prefers white, the other black; one inclines toward salt and pepper, and the other toward sugar and pickle; one sings down in his lungs and the other in the roof of his mouth. One drops off his shoes and puts on his hat, while the other takes off his hat and ties on his shoes. What is there that they do alike, that can prove them to be of the same reasonable genus and order, and all sons of Adam? Shall we say that the answer lies in the familiar whiff of tobacco, that scents every steamer's smoking-room, the 'prophet's chamber' of Princeton, the atmosphere of all modern up-to-date cities, as well as the soul of every man, woman and boy who walks the hills of old Korea?

LAST SONG OF THE KOREAN PIPE

For length of stem and bowl-attach
 I was indeed a wonder;
 I never thought to meet my match,
 Much less of going under.
 I held my own three hundred years,
 And grew as time expanded;
 No man could puff and stroke my ears,
 Or light me single-handed.
 But who should come and show his face,
 Most underhanded caper!
 A three-inch cigarette disgrace,
 All wrapped around with paper.
 I used to ride down people's necks,
 Or whiff along in splendor;
 I was the friend of women-sex,
 Their solace and defender.
 Alas, my job is up. Regrets,
 May ship themselves to Dover;
 The fates are calling 'Cigarettes';
 Let's die and have it over.

E. T.

KOREAN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

All students of the language should learn the name of the hours that govern time in the East, because they, or their combinations, appear everywhere, and at all seasons of the year. As well try to get along without January, February, March etc. in the West as to fail to make acquaintance with *cha* 子, *ch'ook* 丑, *in* 寅, *myo* 卯, *chin* 辰, *sa* 巳, *o* 午, *mi* 未, *sin* 申, *yoo* 酉, *sool* 戌, *hai* 亥, in Asia.

Some think that they have gone out of business with the new order of things, and that we shall see their faces no more. But this is a mistake. They govern funerals, weddings, fortune-telling, and the calendar as much as ever; and have to do with the thinking processes of East Asia for all time.

There are, besides these, the ten stems, or ten stalks of the tree, if you choose to call them so, of which the twelve hours are the twelve branches. These are *kap* 甲, *eul* 乙, *pyung* 丙, *chung* 丁, *moo* 戊, *keui* 己, *kyung* 庚, *sin* 辛, *im* 壬, *ke* 癸.

These ten stalks and twelve branches combine to make the names of the sixty years of the cycle, that starts off with the familia sound, *kap-ja*, *eul-ch'ook*, *pyung-in*, *chung-myo*.

The year in which we are living is *chung-sa* (4th stalk, and 6th branch, combined). The branches have each a presiding spirit, represented by an animal, which has to do with the year, as explained in the article *Guardians of the Year* in the January number of the Magazine.

The common use of *kap*, *eul*, *pyung*, *chung*, leads one off into the mysteries of Asia thus: *Kap* and *Eul* pertain to the East, and have for corresponding colour Green, and element Wood: *pyung* and *chung* to the South, with Red for colour, and Fire for element: *moo* and *keui* to the middle, their colour being Yellow, with element Earth; *kyung* and *sin* to the West with colour White and element Metal, while *im* and *ke* pertain to the North, Black being the colour, and the Water the element.

But the more common use of *kap*, *eul*, etc. is for the numbers one, two, three, or *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, etc.

Kap says, "choo-ket-ta" (I'll give it). 주겠다.

Eul hears this, and says to Pyung, "Choo-ket-tap-te-ta." (He says he'll give it). 주갯답 데다.

Pyung hears this and says to Chung, "Choo-ket-ta-go ha-tu-rap-te-ta." (He tells me that Eul says that Kap will give it). 주갯다고하더랍 데다.

Again Chung asks, "Choo-ket-ta-go ha-tu-ra-tun-ka?" (Was I told that he said he'd give it?) 주갯다고하더라던가.

Pyung replies, "Choo-ket-ta-go ha-tu-rap-te-ta." (He told me that he said he'd give it.) 주갯다고하더랍 데다.

Pyung asks, "Choo-ket-ta-go ha-tun-ka?" (Did he say that he would give it?) 주갯다고하던가.

Eul replies, "Choo-ket-tap-te-ta." (He says that he will give it.) 주갯답 데다

Eul asks, "Choo-ket-na-nya?" (Will he give it?) 주갯느냐

Kap says, "Choo-ket-ta." (He will give it). 주갯다.

Let the reader try his hand at forms that end in *tun-ka*, and *nan-ka* and tell the *Magazine* what difference he finds between the two.

KIM POO-SIK (金富軾)

(1075-1151 A. D.)

Kim Poo-sik was a contemporary of William the Conqueror. He saw the days of St. Bernard and the First Crusade, and lived when the famous Songs ruled China. He has the honour of being the first great historian of his country having written the *Sam-Sook Sa* in 1145 A. D.

Kim Poo-sik came first into general notice at one of the councils of the Ministers when the question was up as to how to treat the king's father-in-law. Should he be accorded a ceremonial form different from the other ministers, or one just the same? The weight of authority from China seemed to say that he should be given a special place, but Kim opposed it, and quoted the following: "When Ko-jo of Han came to the Imperial throne he went every five days to make salutation and prostrate himself before his father. But the officer in charge of the father's household said, 'There are not two

suns in the sky, nor are there two kings who rule the state. Though the Emperor is your son, he is still the ruler, and though Your Excellency is his father, you are only a minister. By what law does the ruler bow before a minister?" "

The king on hearing this referred the matter to his father-in-law for final decision, and he declared in favour of Kim Poo-sik. This brought Kim prominently into note, and for many years he was the king's most wise and gifted counsellor.

In 1134 A. D., through the influence of a Buddhist priest, Myo-chung, an attempt was made to move the capital from Song-do to Pyeng-yang. The fact that the palace had been struck by lightning seemed to be the king's chief reason for desiring the change. He feared the wrath of God, it was said. Kim informed him, however, that no such undertaking would win him peace of soul. "The journey to Pyeng-yang," said Kim, "would mean the trampling down of the crops of the people, and causing untold suffering."

The change was not made, but shortly after, by the instigation of the same priest a rebellion broke out in Pyeng-yang, and Kim was made general of the forces to put it down.

Two or three facts of interest occur in this connection. First, he discovered that there were some of the ministers in the palace who were in league with the rebels. These he had beheaded as spies. The king then called him and he went to audience in full armour. As he was a man seven feet high he must have been even a more imposing figure than Lord Kitchener.

The king gave him a battle-axe and other insignia. "I make you dictator," said he, "of all things outside the palace gates. Reward the good, punish the evil, but spare the people all you can."

It was winter, and the long march through the snow greatly discouraged the soldiers. General Kim went among them, comforted them, and put his hands in theirs we are told.

The king had said "Spare the people" and so he was determined to take Pyeng-yang if possible without loss of life. The story goes that he possessed himself of all the points of exit, cut off supplies and finally brought the city to submission with

only that loss of life that went with the beheading of the leaders. Kim was richly rewarded and given great honour.

Ten years later, in the quiet of official retirement, he wrote the Sam-gook Sa, *History of the Three Kingdoms*, Silla, Kokuryu and Paikje. A modern edition has been recently printed, the old books being very rare and hard to obtain.

It is interesting to think that the Blue Pavilion (Poo-pyuk-noo), that stands in the city park of Pyengyang, stood on the same sixteen posts, when Kim Poo-sik was there in 1135 A. D., that we see to-day. He wrote a poem about it, as to its beauty in its youth, little dreaming that 783 years afterwards its picture would adorn a magnificent guest house in Seoul called The Chosen Hotel.

A SELECTION FROM THE SAM-GOOK SA, THE DEPARTURE
OF KING MOON-SUNG OF SILLA (857 A. D.)

“After reigning for nineteen years, in the 8th moon of the autumn the king fell ill, and gave as his last will and testament these words: ‘I, the weakest of men, have been called to this high office where I have lived in fear of God above, lest I offend; and anxious for the happiness of the people over whom I ruled. Day and night this has been my constant care, as though I ever crossed a deep chasm. By the good help of my ministers, officials and officers of state, I have been maintained in my high office. Now I am ill and ten days have passed and my mind is unable to fulfil its functions. Like the morning dew I am to pass away, and yet I do not wish to leave the throne of my ancestors vacant. Its military and civil affairs ought not to be forgotten even for a moment. I desire herewith to name my faithful servant Eui-jung, grandson of his late majesty my uncle. His filial devotion is marked, his intelligence great, his heart liberal, kind and gentle, and full of love for others. Long has he held the office of counsellor and aided greatly. He is one who will see to the peace of his ancestors, and deal kindly and lovingly with those beneath him. I therefore lay down my heavy burden knowing that he is a good man and well worthy to succeed me. Nothing more remains to long for. To finish and have an end

is my one desire. The length of life is fixed by God, and my going is according to the laws of nature. Those of you, who remain, do not need to mourn over much for me, but rather use all your efforts and strength to aid him who succeeds. This is my last word and wish.' ”

THE KING'S PRAYER TO THE BUDDHA.

COMPOSED BY

KIM POO-SIK.

(*at Sok-ni-san Temple.*)

“The three worlds of the Buddha pertain to the heart, and the truth as regards religion rests there likewise. Mortals are slow to awaken to this fact, and are wearied out treading the six ways of existence, with no means of escape therefrom, but adding, as the years unfold, sorrow upon sorrow. The Buddha, however, with his perfect mirror stands ready to enlighten all alike, pitying us poor unfortunates, who have the treasure in the earthen vessel, and know it not. He has made known to us the way of repentance and given us the law.

“The desire that all may be good is expressed in the Whaeun Bible. We see there that true sincerity can indeed move the Merciful Buddha. Its teaching is as endless as eternal life, and its grace like the unnumbered sands of the sea. I, (the king), a most imperfect being, have come to this high office, and have to bear the burden that my forefathers have passed on to me. I am opposed by the evils of accumulated years. Walking on the thin ice where the deep yawns black beneath me, I am the constant child of fear. My spirit thought to revive beneath the soft dews of Buddha's grace and boundless blessing, but now, alas, I am suddenly fallen ill. I have called for physicians and fortune-tellers, yes, more than once, and have prayed to the spirits, but no relief has come, only a deeper sense my misery.

“In the year that His Majesty Sook-jong came to the throne (1095 A. D.) he had many of the Yi's and others beheaded and sent into exile, so that even the world of spirits was shaken, and wrath filled the spheres.

“With the burden of their distressed souls upon me, and with a desire to bring them peace and to escape from the danger of such resentful dead, I find no other way open to me but only that of the Buddha. My ministers I herewith send to your far-famed temple, that they may set up an altar in the hall of worship. May the clouds of incense, the diligent reading of the sacred books, and the sincere heart, move the Buddha till the blessing be obtained, and all the dead in torment be delivered from their woes and transferred to heaven. May the mirror of grace so enlighten the heart, that the weary ones on the way to death may be delivered.

“This is my prayer: May the indescribable blessing of the Buddha, and his love that is beyond tongue to tell, come upon these forsaken souls in hades, so that they may awaken from the misery of their lot. May their resentful voices be heard no more on earth, but may they enter the regions of eternal quiet. If this burden be lifted from me I shall be blessed indeed, and this distressing sickness will give place to peace and joy. May the nation be blessed likewise and a great festival of the Buddha result.”

Note.—This is a characteristic prayer of that age. The Buddha is looked upon as a great saviour, and faith and sincerity are the requisites to win his approval, rather than any set work to do. He is the fountain of all love and mercy.

Prayer for the dead is taken as a matter of course as is the doctrine of future probation.

The haunting fear of the resentful dead so common in old Korea, is the moving cause of the prayer.

MO-RAN PONG, PYENG-YANG

BY

KIM POO-SIK.

Fresh from an audience with the king,
 I reach this most delightful spot ;
 Where nature with its thousand tints,
 Calls on my wondering eyes to see.

There peak on peak, blue-tinted, dim,
 Mark off the sky's far-reaching line.
 Beneath this strong embracing wall
 The restless river moves along.
 The willows hide from vulgar view
 A place to cheer, where drink is sold.
 What do I see beneath the moon?
 An angler with long rod, intent.
 Too Muk-joo wished before he died
 To be a man of leisure, free.
 I too have only one desire,
 That some such luck might come to me.

THE DUMB COCK

BY

KIM POO-SIK.

The closing of the year speeds on. Long nights and shorter days, they weary me. It is not on account of lack of candle light that I do not read, but because I'm ill and my soul distressed. I toss about for sleep that fails to come. A hundred thoughts are tangled in my brain. The rooster bird sits silent on his perch. I wait. Sooner or later he will surely flap his wings and crow. I toss the quilts from me and sit up, and through the window chink come rays of light. I fling the door wide out and look abroad, and there off to the west the night-stars shine. I call my boy. "Wake up. What ails that cock that doesn't crow? Is it dead he is, or does he live? Has someone served him up for fare or has some weasel bandit done him ill? Why are his eyes tight shut, and head bent low, with not a sound forth coming from his bill?"

This is the cock-crow hour and yet he sleeps. I ask "Are you not breaking God's most primal law? The dog who fails to see the thief and bark; the cat who fails to chase the rat deserve the direst punishment. Yes, death itself would not be too severe. Still the sages have a word to say: Love forbids that one should kill. I am moved to let you live. Be warned however, and show repentance."

A KOREAN'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Note:—The author of the following article was An Chung-bok, who lived from 1712 to 1791 A. D. His *nom de plume* was *Soon-am* (Gentle House), and it is said that he took it from a desire to please God. Because he was a specially religious man, the King appointed him Preceptor of the Crown Prince. He took no examinations and had no desire to win a name as graduate, though he was fully equipped to be the first in his class.

His published works are : *History of Korea, The Story of Mok-ch'un County, Divine Things, Religion, Guidance in Study, How to Read History, Notes on Choo-ja, Marriage Rites, and Miscellaneous Works*).

The earliest substantial introduction of Christianity into Korea was that of 1784 when a baptized convert returned with the tribute embassy from Peking and began active propaganda. The stories of these earliest years read like a tale of Sir Launfal, or the knights of the Middle Ages. Korea was astounded at the bravery and unselfish zeal of these new converts, a something entirely new in her experience of faiths and beliefs; and she watched them with mingled feelings of fear and wonder. Among the notes of onlookers is one essay by An Chung-bok who gives his views of the merits of Christianity as compared with the old national cult, Confucianism. These notes will be of interest to any one who desires to see as the Oriental literate sees. The answers given to the questions suggested are very much the same as would be given to-day by any well-posted Confucian scholar. It was in the year 1785 that Mr. An wrote the essay, and he was then 73 years of age.

He goes on to say, "Books containing Western teaching arrived here in the last years of King Sun-jo. Officials and ministers saw them and took note, but they understood them to be like the books of the Taoists and Buddhists, and so set them aside as mere objects of curiosity. These books dealt

not only with religion, but contained works on astronomy and geometry, and were first obtained when the envoy went to Peking.

"In the years Ke-myō (1603) and Kap-jin (1604) Christianity became popular with a certain class of young men, who contended for it, saying that God Himself had come down to earth and given His commands through angels. Alas, in a single day their hearts were changed and turned away from the writings of the Chinese Sages! It was like the boy who graduates in the Classics and then comes home to call his mother by her first name, a sad state of affairs indeed!

"And now I desire to give my opinion of what is written in these Christian books. Christianity has been in China for a long time, and the rumor of it we have heard for many years. I wish you to know that it does not find its beginning now.

"There is a book called *Distant Messages*, by a priest Aleni, (arrived in China about 1597) which says, 'Judea was a part of ancient Rome. It is also called Palestine, the land where God visited the earth.'

"Matteo Ricci, (arrived in China 1582) in his book called *Truths about God*, says, 'In the 2nd year of Emperor Wun-soo (A. D.), and on the 3rd day after the winter solstice, God chose a virgin and by means of birth came and dwelt among men, His name being called Jesus. This name Jesus means Saviour. He taught for 33 years on that western frontier of Asia, and then He ascended again to heaven.'

"I shall now proceed by question and answer :

"Was the worship of God known to the Far East in the early ages ?

"Yes. The Book of History says, 'God gave man his conscience, so that if he preserve it clear and undefiled, he will find the way of peace.'

"The Book of Poetry says, 'King Moon safeguarded his heart and so served God acceptably.'

"Again it says, 'In fear of the majesty of God, one can preserve his faith under all circumstances.'

"Mencius says, 'To set one's energies to the training of the heart, that is the service of God.'

"Again we ask If the religion of the literati is indeed the service of God, why do they oppose the teaching of the foreign missionary?"

"I answer, The foreign missionary claims to worship God also, and in that respect we are at one, but we do so in a right and proper way, while his is a wicked and deceitful way and so I oppose it.

"But these Western missionaries, who guard their bodies in all chastity, prove something that the most zealous of us literati fail to do. In their knowledge and understanding of the principles of nature too, they surpass us. They can measure the heavens and reckon up the seasons; make all sorts of delicate instruments of wonderful precision; can make great guns that are able to shoot to the 9th heaven and over-span 80 li. Is this not wonderful? Whenever they enter a country they immediately learn its language and soon speak it. They find, as well, the country's latitude and longitude. They are indeed wonderful beings equal to the Sages and the Genii. Why then do you not trust them?"

"I answer, If we speak of the world as a whole, Western nations lie on the other side of the Kol-yoon Mountains, and so occupy a place midway in the earth. They are strong and vigorous peoples, large and imposing in stature, and rich with treasures that spring forth from the soil. They are like the stomach that contains the centres of vitality, and the food from which sustenance comes.

"China, on the other hand, lies toward the south-east quarter, and gathers into itself the light and warmth of the world. It is the heart, and those who are born there are truly the spiritual and holy ones of earth, the real saints like Yo, Soon, Oo, T'ang, Moon, Moo, Choo-kong and Kong-ja (Confucius). If we illustrate it from the body, I should say that as the heart is in the breast, and constitutes the spiritual abode among the members, so is China. I therefore conclude that China's religion is the true religion, and that the Western religion, notwithstanding the fact that it claims to be truth and holiness, is not true.

"Some again might ask, 'What do you mean by this?'"

"I reply, 'The heart reflects the nature of God, therefore if we keep it and the conscience clear, and do not forget the divine commands, this is true religion and true service. Why should we, night and morning, as do the missionaries pray to God to pardon all our past sins and save us from hell? Is this not the same as the prayer of the witch and the sorceress? To prostrate oneself five times a day before God, and to keep one day in seven for fasting and afflicting the soul, do you call that rendering God service?'"

"Others might make this inquiry, 'There are three great religions, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, but the Western missionary gives to his teaching the special name Religion of God, (*Ch'un-joo-kyo*). What does he mean by that?'"

"I reply, 'The Religion of the Sages is the one and only Religion, why do you say there are three? Three is a later word of those who do not know. Buddhism is a religion from the West, that breaks right across the law of the family. Taoism, also, is a cult that pertains to the non-earthly, and has no relation to the things that be. How can you mention them in the same breath with Confucianism? For the Western missionary to call his teaching the 'Religion of God' is most foolish, not to say blasphemous. The region of the West has had so called religions arise within it like quills upon the porcupine. A careful reading of the Chun-teung Nok will prove this to anyone.'

"Western missionaries think if they claim for their teaching the name of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, that no one will dare to oppose them on account of this all-prevailing name. It is like using the name of the Emperor in order to compass one's own private ends. A very clever trick indeed!

"The Religion of the literati puts the Sage in the place of God, to work for God in the governing of the people; to reward the good, and to punish the evil. Thus it makes God all in all, and shows that the literati act according to His divine decrees. How can the mere calling it the 'Religion of God' make it Truth and Holiness?"

“Again it may be asked, ‘Are there no others who speak of God but the Western missionaries?’

“I reply, ‘Yes, there was once a man called Meuk-ja (450 B. C.) a Chinaman, who wrote a book entitled *The Will of God*, (*Ch’unji Pyun*), in which he says, ‘Those who follow the will of God know only love for all mankind, and by love seek others’ profit. Doing so, they will find their reward. But men, who run counter to His will, hate each other, and in their friendship seek only selfish gain. Unquestionably they will find their punishment.’

“‘The noted kings of the early ages Oo, Tang, Moon, Moo followed God and were rewarded; while Kul, Choo, Yoo and Yaw opposed it, and were punished. Anyone who looks above and serves God, who looks midway and treats with reverence the spirits, who looks down in service toward other men, will love, as God Himself loves, and will be blessed, as God can bless.’ This is what Meuk-ja means when he speaks of following God. He means to love others as oneself, and to seek others’ profit just as one’s own. The Western missionaries’ exhorting us to put away enmity, and love all others is just the same as Meuk-ja’s *Kyum-ai*, ‘loving another as oneself.’ Their enduring hardships, too, and practising self-denial are just the same as Meuk-ja’s *Sang-keum*, ‘taking the hard way.’ The only difference is, that while Meuk-ja speaks of God, he talks of the present and visible world, while the missionaries talk only of a world to come. Comparing their words with Meuk-ja’s, theirs are very much harder to accept, and harder to believe. The missionaries’ talk of a world that is to come, is like that of the Buddhist; while their command to love others and to deny oneself is no better than Meuk-ja’s *Kyum-ai* and *Sang-keum*. Is this, pray, what students of Confucius and Choo-ja should learn? Now the Chinese so-called literati while opposing the heaven and hell of the Buddhist and the Taoist, never question this at the hands of the foreign missionary, but at once respond, ‘This is the Truth of God.’ The Sages of China are very high, and very great and yet they never pretend to equal God Himself. How foolish

are these foreign missionaries to speak of their founder in such extravagant and unreasonable terms ?

"Again I am asked 'The name Jesus is said to mean the Saviour of the world. Now does the same thought underlie the teachings of the Sages ?' I reply, The thought conveyed by the name Jesus as to the saving of the world, pertains to an unseen world, and by means of the rewards of heaven and the pains of hell, urges men on to good action ; but the religion of the Sages pertains to this present life, and seeks to enlighten men in virtue. Even though we admit that there are such places as heaven and hell, we still know that if men do what is right in this life and refrain from evil, heaven will assuredly be their portion ; while, if they turn from good, and do evil, unquestionably hell will be theirs. Therefore men, while in this life, should diligently and faithfully seek after goodness and hold the conscience clear that God has given them. What purpose can be served for good action by constantly referring to a life to come ?

"Chang-ja says that Buddha rose superior to life and death, which means that he turned his back upon all others and thought only of himself. The missionary, who prays to be saved from hell, is also a one-sided religionist who thinks only of himself.

" 'Do good and turn away from evil and all will be well with you,' says the missionary.

"These words too, are misleading. The good that we ought to do, and the evil that we ought not to do, are known to everybody, ignorant and learned *alike*. For example I think of a man, a very wicked man, and another says of him 'How good you are !' He likes it ; but if anyone says of him 'Alas how bad !' he gets very angry. So we see that even the wicked man knows the difference between good and evil. How then could there be any religion that says, 'Do evil and turn away from the good ?' Therefore from olden times heretics have always made it their plea that their religion meant the doing of good, and the turning away from evil. These foreign missionaries are by no means the only ones who say that. But, as I said before, their religion does not

deal with the present world, but with the heaven and hell that are to come, a thing most foolish and contrary to the mind of the Sages. The Sages speak of the present life as to what is best concerning it, and their words are frank and above board. For this reason Confucius did not speak of miracles or spirits. If he had begun talking of such things, he could have stirred men's minds up to all manner of excess. We see many examples of this in Chinese history. People have come forward calling themselves the Merciful Buddha etc., whose records are definitely recorded in the historical books. In our own country in the year Moo-in (1756) a noted witch appeared calling herself by this title. People gathered to her from all parts of the country, saying that Sakamoni had come to life, and bowed and did her honor. She said that all worship of spirits should be given up, and gave as the reason that she, the Buddha, was once more alive and on earth, and that no others should be worshipped but she only. The people, following her orders, burned and destroyed their prayer altars and the dishes that they had used. In two or three months the whole of central Korea had come to follow this woman. The king seeing this, sent a Commissioner Yi Kyung-ok and had her beheaded. Even after that, for several months matters did not quiet down. People's hearts are so easily stirred but so hard to restore to reason; easy to influence, but hard to awaken to understand. The missionary says, 'We must serve God with all the heart and never cease from it.' This he claims agrees with Confucianism. He also says, 'You must keep the body under, and be sparing of food and be temperate in all things, just as Confucius taught self-denial.' Therefore though the teachings and practice of these religionists differ from those of the Confucianist, the matter of doing good is the same in both, and one seemingly ought to commend it. But the world is so cunning and evil, and peoples' hearts so hard to fathom, that if but one strange person appear and say 'God has come down to earth in the East; God has come down to earth in the West,' no end of people will be attracted by this kind of nonsense and believing it will be carried away."

BLAZING THE TRAIL

MR. MOON AND HIS JUG

(Continued from the *May* number.)

When they reached the Cho compound the sun was just rising over the distant mountain. The large front gate was ajar and some running in advance pushed the gate open and Mr. Kim followed with the prisoner. The noise of many feet and voices brought that gentleman out into the yard and when he saw Mr. Kim leading the prisoner his jaw dropped and his face grew ashen while his legs shook so that he could scarcely stand. Immediately a dozen voices were trying to tell him what had occurred, but he had no ears for what they were saying but looked with bulging eyes at Mr. Kim and then at the trembling prisoner. Many were the shouts to kill, and the trembling Cho listened and looked and his face was drawn with terror. Mr. Kim dragged the prisoner to where Mr. Cho stood and the prisoner seized that gentleman by the feet and placing his head to the ground begged for his life.

"Save me, save me—you sent me—you are to blame!" he wailed.

Fortunately for Mr. Cho the scuffling of feet and the eager voices drowned the prisoner's words, but the terror of that gentleman was pitiable beyond description. He seized Mr. Kim's sleeve for support, while Mr. Kim reached down and raised the prisoner to his feet and shook him fiercely till the man's teeth rattled.

"Say that again and you are a dead man; be quiet and you may live," he said.

On the opposite side of the yard, the wall ran close to the end of the house, leaving a small passage between. To this point Mr. Kim dragged his prisoner and whispered to Mr. Cho to come too.

"As you value your life keep with me," he said. "Straighten your face and look natural, or as sure as the sun is rising you-

der you are a dead man. Your own hands have set this flame ; beware it doesn't consume you. Follow me."

As soon as they reached the end of the building in front of the alley just described, Mr. Kim stood his prisoner up and bade every one look at his face and see if any one recognized him. "Speak," he called, and a quietness settled over the crowd. "Have the townspeople gathered?" he asked.

Around the gate, the people had massed a great number, and inside they stood so close that it was impossible for any one to move except with the extremest difficulty. "We are here," they shouted.

Mr. Kim related in a voice that all could hear how he had been about the streets believing that the fires occurred by the hand of some incendiary and not by angry spirits, and how, seeing a man pass down the streets, he had taken after him and saw him fasten the fuse into a thatched roof and had seized him. The man who had pulled the fuse out of the roof held it up as proof, and also the roll of fuse they had taken from the prisoner's person. A murmur ran through the crowd. Mr. Kim bent his head close to Mr. Cho.

"I shall hand the man over to you in a moment and if you don't let him slip down through this alley at the back then you must pay the penalty of your deeds."

Mr. Cho tried to speak, but no words came through his blue lips. "If they determine to send this man to the magistrate and try him according to the law, to the magistrate he will go, and I doubt not you will have ingenuity enough to save your neck, but if they determine to kill him, the alley man, remember the alley."

He had hardly ceased speaking to Mr. Cho, whom he had forced close up to the ears of the prisoner so that both could hear, when the men with the fuse had finished their exhibition.

"I think," Mr. Kim continued turning to the crowd who had stood quietly up to that moment, "that the magistrate will take the prisoner in hand and deal with him according to his deserts." A murmur of dissent went through the crowd. "I am proud of this town," said Mr. Kim, "it has had a long honorable history for justice and fairness ; now let us not sully our

record, but show to the world that we respect the law, which is one of the highest marks of civilization." "That is right," some one shouted, "take him to the magistrate," and Mr. Kim observed that it was a member of his congregation who had spoken. Again a murmur of dissent ran through the crowd.

"The law of the five, citizens," some one shouted.

A hundred voices took up the cry and it roared out into the street and was repeated by a mass who stretched in both directions as far as could be seen. The club, the spear, and the gun, they called.

"Give him to us: out with him back of the town!" and the uproar became deafening. Mr. Kim waved with his hand but could not be heard. There was a motion of the mass of men toward him and Mr. Kim pushed Mr. Cho forward by the side of the wretched criminal and deliberately directed Mr. Cho to take hold of the man so that all in front could see what he was doing, then he turned, and again tried to call the attention of the crowd by waving both hands, but they were beyond all possibility of control.

Suddenly, there was a yell by those in front, and he turned around to see the prisoner fleeing up the passage way and Mr. Cho standing and looking stupidly at the fleeing man. Mr. Kim turned to follow and stumbling fell as the shock of the crowd struck him; thus for an instant he blocked the passage with his huge form. Two others fell head first over him, and when he arose the fugitive had made the end of the passage and was vaulting over the wall.

Nimble feet followed, but the man was fleet of foot and running for his life. The people scattered throughout the town and over the adjoining country, but he escaped. While this was in progress Mr. Cho sat down on the floor of his room and trembled in abject fear. Mr. Kim went to him and quietly told Mr. Cho how that the man had informed him of Mr. Cho's guilt in the matter and explained how he had compelled the man to keep quiet.

"Now," he added, "I have saved your reputation and I think your life. Have I not been your friend? I speak not for myself but for the helpless little body of Christians whose first

doctrine is to love, for if they do not love their neighbors and do good to them we count them not among us. I appeal to you in their behalf to treat them fairly. I do not ask you to assist us but I do appeal to your manhood that you no longer incite the people to persecute them."

The whole conversation was conducted by Mr. Kim, for Mr. Cho refused to offer any remark or respond to anything that Mr. Kim said, and Mr. Kim knew that when safety had restored his courage he would renew his efforts to do the Christians harm.

The Christians went immediately to work to repair the broken church walls. Neighbors gathered around and looked on, then in an impulse of neighborly feeling joined heartily in the work and helped replace the roof. It took the mob but half an hour to tear the building to pieces, but it took two weeks to repair it. At the end of that time the Christian following had been increased by half, greatly to the dismay of their enemies and the wrath of Mr. Cho.

As soon as that gentleman had found that the fugitive was beyond capture, his spirits arose and he swaggered about town as ever. Indeed he had been peculiarly honored in having the prisoner brought to his place. It elevated him in the opinion of all. In regard to the escape of the prisoner, in the opinion of the people with whom Mr. Cho talked, Mr. Kim was to blame, for why should he release his hold and place him in the hands of a weaker man; indeed why had not Mr. Kim asked to have him bound? Such carelessness was culpable, said Mr. Cho, and some wondered if they should not make complaint to the magistrate in regard to it. Mr. Cho felt sure the preacher intended to let the man go, as he did not like it because the people would not take the prisoner to the magistrate to be judged.

CHAPTER IX.

MARTHA AND HER TROUBLES.

During all this time Mr. Kim had seen little of Martha, the wife of Mr. Cho. Stories of her husband's cruelty came to him frequently, but no report direct from her lips. A number

of women had joined the Church but they were shut out from the home of the wily Mr. Cho. On the day following the capture of the incendiary Mr. Kim met her unexpectedly on the outskirts of the town. She would have passed with her face averted as the law of modesty for women demand, but he spoke to her. "We have greatly missed you," he said.

"Think not my heart is cold, or that it does not sing the glad songs that you all sing," she replied with averted face. "My road is one of thorns, still were my wounds the only reason, I might without bitterness welcome the pain, then would the Church door swing inward for me also. But I have other reasons, problems too profound for me to solve. Once life for me was simple; no more free are the birds than was I of responsibility. I am now vastly perplexed and the more I ponder the darker is my way." She paused a moment, then turned her face full upon him and continued, with the simplicity of a child:

"I want to obey the Christ, but at the same time I love my husband, the baby, and all that is ours. Women from the beginning of time have lived in subjection to their husbands and I have read it out of God's Word. I think it is the only passage my husband has read," she added with a faint smile. "If I meet in your gatherings I must come boldly. To do so will bring me immeasurable suffering. Not many days since Mr. Cho came upon me while I was reading the Word. He was angry, so angry he lost his voice. He spoke with a face cold and hard, with white lips that did not move. I know not that I really heard, but from his dark soul he told me he would kill me. This is proof he keeps his word," she said, holding up the hand that lacked one finger. She paused a long time and looked down at her feet, but as Mr. Kim did not reply continued, "Whom shall I obey?"

Mr. Kim had never met a question so difficult to answer. The two stood in absorbed thought and Mr. Kim withdrew his eyes from the bowed head and sought inspiration by gazing about him. He knew that if he should state his opinion, she would be at the service on the next Sabbath, and the results might be too terrible to contemplate. He held in his hands

her life and more,—did he not also hold in his hands her eternal life? The more he thought of it, the more confused he became and the perspiration stood out on his forehead. She looked up in his face and saw his perplexity and her own concern deepened. He turned his shoulder towards her and his breath came sharp as though he had been running. A passage of Scripture was struggling to his lips, and at last he said :

“He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me . . . ”

When he looked at her again her head covering had slipped back upon her shoulders, her large brown eyes had widened with a sense of coming peril, her lips parted while the flush died out of her cheeks and left her face like marble, and she drew in her breath with a half articulate sob.

In his mountain home, Mr. Kim had found a fawn entangled in a thicket and in the fierce spirit of the hunter he struck her down. Her wild sobbing cry and appealing brown eyes followed him for many a day. He now turned his eyes from Martha's face with a sickening sensation of having struck her. He remembered the fawn and his own red hands of that day, and he again looked down at them and shuddered.

“Madam,” he exclaimed, “God will care for you. Would that I could bear your pain.”

She dropped her head and pulled the covering over her face and walked slowly homeward. Mr. Kim knelt by the side of the long ferns by the wayside, nor did he arise till a passing stranger touched him and enquired what was the matter.

The next Sabbath the services had already continued some moments, when Martha arrived. She took her place well to the front, and when she knelt she gave vent to a slight sob. She remained kneeling so long that some one felt it her duty to touch her. Martha arose to a sitting posture and faced the preacher, surrendered to the message of the hour. At the close of the service, she lingered by the door that Mr. Kim might speak to her. When he came up, she looked squarely in his eyes, and down in his heart there was

a feeling of awe. He had seen Mr. Cho on the streets that morning, and confessed that he had never seen a face so livid with a look of hate, and he knew that in a few moments a tragedy would be enacted in that home. How fragile the woman looked, and as he thought of the suffering awaiting her, tears filled his eyes and stood out on his cheek. She smiled back at him, and then there was a catch at her throat and she steadied herself against the door post. Her lips parted and formed the word "pray" but no sound escaped her. He watched her with her baby closely bound to her back as she took the large road leading through the town. In her hand she carried a hymn book and a little Bible. Her steps were directed towards the front door of her home. Some one explained that she had climbed over the back wall to escape her husband's notice when she came to church, but it seemed now that she did not want to conceal her movements. When she reached home, her face was as white as the silk jacket she wore. She climbed up the high steps and looked at her husband sitting on a mat alone on the opposite side of the room. She carried her Bible without effort of concealment. He saw it and knew that the crisis of their lives which he had invited was upon them. When she reached the top step her legs would scarcely support her and she looked at him as a fawn looks at the hand of its slayer. For full a moment the two looked into each other's eyes, and the blood darkened the face of Mr. Cho. She slowly turned her back to the door and the child climbed down upon the floor and ran in awed silence to the opposite side of the room, then immediately forgetting the fear that intuition had inspired, commenced playing with a sandal, calling it a boat, and dragged it over the polished floor with a laugh of glee. Martha climbed slowly into the room and placed her books on a shelf which ran across the side of the room above her head.

Mr. Cho arose to his feet with a spring. He did not draw them under him, but leaning forward, his feet slipped from his lap and on the instant he stood erect. His eyes shot fire and he trembled with rage; a deep guttural sound echoed in his throat; with a snarl he flung the books on the floor.

He was upon his wife with a wolfish scream, and with one motion seizing her by the hair he fairly lifted her from her feet and she crumbled as a garment, unresistingly in the far corner of the room. "Kill you!" he screamed, "I will kill you!" He seized her by the hair and dragged her across the room.

"Curse her! curse her!" he raged, and stamped her under his feet. She flung up her soft dimpled arms and shielded her face from his. At the other end of the room sat the baby with the end of a heavy ironing stick in her mouth looking with open eyed silence at the scene. The father glanced around the room for a missile to carry out his threat, saw the club, seized it from the child's hand and hurled it at his wife. It broke its force on the cross beam overhead and fell with little less force upon the head of the prostrate woman. A shudder ran through her and she lay still. Frothing at the mouth, he again seized her by the hair and dragging her across the room, flung her in the opposite corner, but she did not move. Then Mr. Cho paused and looked at her and the fire softened in his eyes. He looked at his hands; they were red and warm: then he shuddered and looked furtively at the door. Already a curious crowd had gathered outside and was pressing into the compound. He swung the door shut, and again turned to his wife. He saw a red streak coursing out from her dark hair and the fear of the coward crept into his heart. "Curse the Christians!" he said in a hoarse whisper of bitter hate. "Curse Kim, the preacher!" Then with a feeling of panic he ran out to the kitchen and washed his red hands, then back he went to the prostrate woman. How easy it was to kill. He had not known it was so easy. He took her by the hand, "Wake up," he called, "wake up will you," and his voice shook. Some one rattled at the door and at a bound he seized and locked it. He again went to the kitchen then stood still and his teeth chattered with fear; he brought in a basin of water and tried to wipe up marks of blood from the floor. He picked up a delicate hand that persisted in clinging to her hair and washed the blood from it; when he laid the hand down it remained where he put it and fear increased in

his heart. The spot on the floor again turned red and Mr. Cho looked around the room quaking with terror. A small window at the back protected with slats and covered with paper led out into the back yard. If opened it might permit a person to pass out. He tiptoed to it and pulling off the paper tugged at the slats. One gave away, filling the room with dust from the mud wall. He put his face to the opening. To his dismay he looked into the eyes of Mr. Kim. He slunk into a corner for a moment and grovelled on the floor, then gradually all his hate and fury returned. He had become a murderer and the cause of all his hate and crime stood at the opening of that window; the ironing club was at hand; he seized it, dropped it, seized it again and when Mr. Kim called softly if all was well he aimed the club at the opening. The aim was true. There was a dull thud followed by the sound of a falling body. What was to be done must be done quickly. He would tear from the wall the slats and climbing over the fallen man flee from the responsibility of his crimes. He applied his weight to another slat, but it would not give, and he wrung at it, and worried it, as a caged animal will its prison bars, then he stepped back and looked at the opening in rage and renewed fear.

The baby crept over to her mother and pulled at her skirts. "Hungry," she said, using the only word in her baby vocabulary. She patted her mother's cheek and called to her fretfully. The basin of water was a new plaything and she applied it to her own face, then crushed the wet rag against her mother's cheek, then applied her lips to her mother's breast. There was a quiver of the eyelids and the color returned to her face and she stirred. Mr. Cho ceased pulling at the slats and a look of relief swept over his face. Presently Martha rose to a sitting posture and looked about the room dazed till her eyes rested on her husband. He sat down, some distance from her, his face black with sweat and dirt from the wall. Her memory returned and she looked appealingly at her husband. He had not killed her and as he looked her over the devil of hate again crept into his eyes and looked out at her. "I told you I would kill you," he hissed. "Will

you give it up now or will you die?" She sat some moments steadying herself waiting for her strength to return.

"I have told you," she finally said, hardly speaking above a whisper. "I have told you before that you may easily kill me, but I cannot give up my faith in the Christ."

"Out with you then into the street, out and starve!" She crept across the room and knelt at his feet.

"No! No!" she cried, "not that, not to be seized by some stranger to live a life of shame. Oh! no! no! not that. I have loved you, I never knew what love meant till I knew the Christ. I did not know how to love my baby till I knew Him. I will love you and be true to you. You may kill the body but you cannot kill my soul, nor what is in it. You may hate me but you cannot kill the love I have for you. I love you, oh, my husband."

Martha lifted her head and gazed up at him and when he raised his hand as if to strike she did not flinch. She slowly pushed her large sleeve to the shoulder and held out her arm for him to look at, and her lips trembled though her eyes did not falter.

"See this," she said, "how deep was the cut, how red it is, the scars are poor dumb little lips to plead my love. It was only a few weeks ago that you were sick and rambled in your talk, you and the neighbors thought it would do you good and I took the knife myself and cut the flesh out of my arm for you. Our ancestors have always thought it good to take from the living body flesh to feed the sick. I know not whether it was good, but I loved you and gave you my body to eat. I would have done more, much more had I known how, nor do I now ask for release from pain. You have beaten me to the floor but I should not upraid you, yea here am I, a helpless woman for you to trample on if you see fit. God made woman so, nay, not only so, but I freely yield myself to you, it is my love and I am glad such is woman's lot. See," she added kneeling at his feet, "I have cared for you in sickness and health. I have fed you of my own flesh, nay, nor would I deny you my life did not God forbid, still I may not forbid what I may not prevent; if it seems good, strike,"

and she reached for the bloody ironing stick and handed it to him and bowed her head, "Strike," she said in a whisper, "if it seems good, strike."

"Ha-a-a!" raved the man, "follow the traditions of our ancestors, would you? Ready to do for me what others are ready to do, are you? Tell me now, you grovelling hypocrite, tell me now, if at my grave you would mourn the stated period and then honor me by taking your life, three years of mourning, then your life, answer me now, would you? Do it would you? Would you do that?"

Martha rose to her feet, her lips trembling. "Think not, my husband, that it would be a lack of love or loyalty to you should I not take life for the sake of your memory should God call you hence before He calls me; to take one's life is the crime of murder, so says the law of my new faith. Indeed, as you well know, there has not lacked sages among our people who questioned the right of such disposal of human life, and if I mistake not, I have heard you say that such acts exhibited more pride in the anxiety to obtain fame on the part of the one who commits the deed, than disinterested loyalty to the memory of the dead." Martha spoke rapidly as if she feared interruption and continued, "While life lasts I am yours for you to bless, to curse, to bruise, and, then, after death—" Martha paused and clasped her hands—"O, if you will, we shall live together forever, forever. Listen, it burns within my soul, yes, it shall be so, it shall be forever."

He rose to his feet trembling with returning passion. She looked steadily into his face for a moment, then announced that she would go. She steadied herself against the wall and looked around the room. She started at the sight of blood on the floor, then felt of her hair and looked at her hands; she took the dish of water and washed the signs away from the floor, went to a box that stood against the wall and took from it a white waist; took off the one smeared with blood and rolled it up carefully. She brushed back her hair and washed it out as best she could and tied it thick over the wound; it hid the signs of violence. She straightened her skirts about her; and kneeling to the baby, the child climbed upon the

back of its trembling mother. She opened the door and stepped down into the street,

The crowd had not entirely dispersed. They knew that something would take place when Martha should again disobey her husband, and they were determined to see the end. The crowd opened right and left, parting to let her through, but not a sympathetic face could she see in all that number. Well did she know it would be perilous to any one in that town to befriend her. She passed the place where the services had been held; the door was closed. She enquired for Mr. Kim and was told that he had left the town. With a heavy heart she moved out along the main street, while each step she took was accompanied with excruciating pain. She turned her face to the north, for many Christians, it was said, lived in the north, and then, too, many hundred li to the north was her father's family.

Her parents had yielded to a burst of solicitude on the part of Mr. Cho at the time of his marriage and they moved to Standing Stone but were soon glad to leave the neighborhood of their irascible son-in-law. Where in the distant north they had gone Martha did not know. Eight years before, her husband had brought her from her mountain home a thousand li distant and she had never heard from her father's relatives since that day. Whether dead or alive she knew not. She had written, since she had become a Christian and had learned the art of writing, but no answer had come, probably, she reflected, the mail had never reached the mountain district.

When some distance from the village she sat down by the side of a tall bunch of ferns to think matter over. "One thousand li," she murmured to the baby as she looked into the child's face without seeing it, "one thousand li, at thirty li a day, is about thirty three days," and added slowly, "six days added for Sundays will make thirty-nine days," she repeated, with a new look of anxiety creeping into her eyes, "and I must eat that I may feed the baby, but I will work where I can and then travel till hunger compels me to do so again," then she paused with a gasp, and the unseeing eyes fixed upon the baby's face changed from a look of anxiety to fear, and her

white lips whispered the word "Dangers, O, the dangers! will some one seize me and sell me to the highest bidder?" and an augue chilled her.

The baby crept up to her mother and the tiny hands found their way around her neck; her eyes looked into her mother's eyes and she pressed her nose against her mother's nose and burst into a laugh of glee. Martha shook herself as from a nightmare and the corners of her mouth lifted and a faint smile flitted an instant across her face. She then knelt down by the long ferns and said "Our Father," and here her prayer stopped, while low, soft moans crept out from her lips. She knelt till the child tugged at her skirts. Again she said "O my Father," and arose from her knees.

Twilight had already settled over the landscape when Martha arose and bound her baby to her back. She struggled on while the child soon was lost in sleep with its little head lying on one side against its mother's back. The last of September with its hot days and chilly nights were at hand. Martha passed several small villages but did not have the courage to enter or ask shelter for the night. She knew no one living on the road. All her eight years had been spent with him in the village she had called home. She finally stopped at the door of a thrifty home. She looked into a well lighted room where the family were partaking of their evening meal; she was hungry, and her knees trembled with weariness; how she ached from the pain of her recent bruises and wounds! She hesitated a moment to pluck up courage, when a dog bounded out at her. Then she turned away and passed through the hamlet into the chill air of the night. It had become very dark, but up against the sky line was silhouetted a mass of trees. She hastened on and found they surrounded the graves of some wealthy clan. For a moment she paused, in fear of entering the cemetery, then in sheer weariness dismissed her fears and flung herself beneath a tree on the soft earth by the side of a mound but newly made. She held the babe in her arms to shield it from the chill air of the night.

Martha slept, then awoke shaking with cold. She took off her skirts and rolled the baby in them and walked back and

forth till she had beaten a path by the side of the grave. How long the night seemed, and how weary she was. When the light crept up into the east, Martha looked around her and in front of the huge mound that had served as a shield from the north wind was a large stone, and in front of it a bowl filled with rice. She ran to it and picked it up greedily, then slowly set it down. "Sacrificed to the dead," she said, "it does not belong to me." She turned resolutely from it and taking the baby again on her back plodded wearily on. A stream crossed her path and with gratitude she bathed her face, and hands, and arms. Soon the sun came up and gradually turned the cold of the night into a scorching heat, and the baby grew peevish. Finally she passed a company of farmers who had paused in their work for their mid-forenoon lunch. Around them stood the women of their households who had just removed from their heads the heavy loads of rice. Martha paused and looked longingly at the food. One of the men laughed coarsely and she turned to the road in a panic and ran as fast as her burden would allow. A general laugh followed. Some distance on Martha looked back. The figure of a woman had detached itself from the company and was hastening after her. Martha's fears were not allayed but she could not move faster—her strength was fast going. The stranger approached and in a subdued voice asked her if she could be of aid. At the proffer of help Martha stood still in the road and looked at the stranger in open-eyed astonishment. The kindly face reassured her, and Martha sat down by the road and for the first time gave herself up to tears.

"Don't cry," the woman said, "it would be unsafe if passers by thought you were unprotected." The words brought Martha to her feet.

"No, not so fast," said the stranger, "You have not told me where you came from nor who you are, but you need not fear me. I am a Christian, and Christians harm no one."

"A Christian," Martha repeated, and a glad light spread over her face. "I am, too," she added. An hour later Martha was sitting by a little table in the home of her new found friend. The villagers were interested in the sudden appearance

of the strange woman with her baby. "Where had she come from, and where was she going?" were the words that flitted from lip to lip.

CHAPTER X

BALI

The singular incident of the arrival of Martha in Riceland unaccompanied by a protector excited the liveliest interest of three outlaws, who on hearing the report, with common impulse, repaired to a certain wine shop in the center of the town, and with the ingeniousness of hunters eager on the trail of the mountain deer, planned for her capture.

"Good wine," observed Kochili, nonchalantly, when the inn-keeper remembering the reputation of his guest, hastened obsequiously to place before them the best of his stock. "good, I say, sparkles brighter than the damsel's eyes."

"Damsel, did you say? Have you seen them?" asked Wontaki.

"Seen what?"

"Eyes?"

"They are mine," interrupted Bali with a tone of finality.

"Yours?" was the astonished inquiry of his two companions.

"Mine," was the dogged reply.

The first speaker took from his pocket a set of dice and laid them on the table; he glanced quiscally into the face of his chief and said, "Bali, you would do well to take to yourself a wife, quit the road and settle down. Ah! this is getting interesting, you will keep an inn and obsequiously serve us gentlemen. An inn is the only place in our land to show off the industries of one's wife to advantage. You have a long vision, sir. It is said few things escape the eyes of Bali, and I doubt not you have seen her; your stupid doggedness in the purpose to possess her is a mighty plain declaration of her lofty value. I am, therefore, eager, sir, to stake chances." He rattled the dice in the face of his bold companion. "Young and pretty, eh? What would you do with the baby?" "She

is mine," repeated Bali, as he took up the dice in acceptance of the challenge and tossed them on the table.

Bali was the oldest of the three, nearing thirty-five, gigantic in stature with a bold look on his handsome face. His clothing was made of the material worn by the upper class, his manners were polished and his language refined; he owned the most pretentious house in the town and its hospitable doors swung open to the high and low at all times. He was feared by all, popular with the common people, and greatly hated by the officials, in which fact he gloried. He was the most feared, the most loved, and the most successful robber in the history of his generation.

His two companions were of the ordinary type of Korean youths whose lives had gone astray. With many others of a lawless band they worshipped at the feet of their incomparable robber chief.

"You want her too, Wontaki?" asked Bali, turning a quizzical look at the youngest of the three, "when did you put up your top-knot?"

"My top-knot is as lawful as yours," replied the lad, "though you should prove it not lawful, I have not been a law breaker as long as you, for if you have worn your hair in a top-knot for fifteen years without marrying, being contrary to law you are the greater criminal, and I, as the more innocent one, should have the maiden."

"If," replied Bali, "I have been the greater sinner I should now have the privilege of covering my transgressions. Think, Wontaki, how happy would be the officials did I become a good citizen by marrying this widow and her child. I suppose," he added musingly, "if I carry off the widow I shall have to accept the babe also, but babies seldom survive the smallpox devil."

"Law?" broke in Kochili, "what law do we acknowledge, save the law of our own nimble feet and hands. The magistrate has a law by which he fleeces his neighbors, he calls it good; he is the father of his people. We hold up an overfed, much-pampered friend of the magistrate and are called robbers; the world is horrified. Strange philosophy!"

"Come now," interrupted Bali, again taking his turn at the dice, "you are irrelevant: we have heard you talk that stuff many times. See I am leading, the widow is nearly at my feet."

"Widow? How do you know she has no husband?" asked Wontaki.

"Ha-a!" was the reply, "little difference will it make to us. If she has one it is his business to chain her down. If there were no trouble would she leave him, and if he has taken another and prettier one would he not be grateful to us for relieving him of further trouble from this one? In any case what care we of the road whether our neighbors like it or not. If there is danger of trouble may we not sell her to some money-burdened friend who may not know her history? Furthermore, it is our trade to court trouble."

"Well," continued Kochili, persisting in his own self justifying philosophy, "if they fleece the people we have the same right."

"See here," Bali interrupted, "I don't keep the road because the magistrates fleece the people. My profession has other reasons. Don't you be a sneak and say you are mean because some one else is mean. I hate a coward."

"Come now, your Excellency," said the youth in mock politeness, "tell us why did you take to the road? They say you once were a magistrate. If that were so I am grieved that you have no brotherly feeling for them."

Bali looked attentively at the young face a moment. "I will tell you this, lad," he said, "if you are ever a coward, I will kill you. Do you understand? I am a robber because the magistrates and people in general are cowards. I rob out of sheer irritation and hatred of cowards."

"Magistrate? Yes I was once; paid ten thousand yang for the honors. The trouble with my career was I took to reform. After getting well settled in my office and taking full stock of my half decayed dingy quarters, my obsequious servants and the half starved people whom I was sent to fleece and incidentally to prevent them from devouring one another, I made effort to secure exact information concerning my

people. I made excursions at unexpected times among them, generally unattended and in disguise. I found they had been so oppressed by my predecessors that their lives were dull, slavish, cowardly, but they were full of affection and capabilities. I set to work to help them. They were slow and suspicious; I was patient, and in three years they were prosperous above all their neighbors, and became strong and independent because of personal security. For six months there was not a law suit, and my prisons held nothing but rats and cockroaches.

“At this time the governor made a feast in honor of his birthday and invited all the magistrates of the province. It would have been discourteous not to have responded to the invitation. I really do not know the name of the particular demon that accompanied me that day as I never consulted these men and women who hobnobbed with devils and give ghostly counsel. Undoubtedly one of the unnamed from the fraternity of demons got into my libations that morning.

“As I rode through the country and saw the poverty I grew mad. I threw off my robes of office, sent my chair and coolies back, and walked the rest of the distance unattended. The walk was nothing, but of course a guest covered with sweat, dust, and appearing before the governor without the official dress, was a surprise and an offense. When I saw the luxury of the feast, dancing girls, and most of all the cowardly faces of my colleagues my choler increased. I finally got up from the table, and, I fear, with a good deal of ostentation went to the door and deliberately ran my finger down my throat and gagged to the best of my ability. As I think of it now I believe it was a brave act, for to tell the truth I was hungry and did not want to lose my dinner. I then stood before the governor and his friends and made a few remarks. I fear I charged them with more vile things than they were guilty. Among many things, I told them that for me to eat food squeezed from widows and orphans made me sick. That statement was a lie for when I am hungry it is hard to make me sick. Finishing my oration I stormed out of doors and back to my prefecture.

"As I expected, four weeks later an official appeared from the Capital and placed me under arrest. I finally appeared before an official who mouthed a trumped-up charge. I was hastened to prison and for three months I wore an iron bracelet and helped jingle a chain with a gang who keeps the streets clean in the Capital. I was furious, not over the arrest, for why should I be angry for what I had deliberately invited. I wanted the privilege to fight though I had to pay the bill in the end. But I was not allowed a word of defense, nor permitted to see one of my accusers. When I shook off the chain and the pestiferous dust of the Capital I returned as you see to this province, and now there is not a governor, magistrate, or any other prominent coward who does not feel the presence of Bali. They have paid back the bill I held against them and they will pay it many times. Is it right to take such revenge? I did not say so. Yet right and wrong are frequently chummy bed fellows in our land of violence. At least what I do is not the act of a coward. Ah, they are sorry I attended that feast, and that I served in the chain gang. I really fear that the governor has had no more birthday celebrations. He would think many times now before doing a thing so rash." Bali laughed and his companions joined him heartily as the weak will always laugh with the strong.

"Am I afraid? Fear and I have parted company. Still I know law will finally triumph. Mine is a hazardous game," he added grimly.

The game of dice had been suspended and the youngest of the group fingered them carelessly, and when Bali glanced at the dice during his narrative, the youth closed his hand over them impatiently. His chief had led him into many a wild escapade and now he leaned forward over the table to learn more of the deeds of his hero.

"Go on," he said eagerly, "they don't like it? Tell us of it."

"Come, now, the dice," said Bali. But the lad put them behind his back.

"Tell us," he urged, "how about the magistrate you visited, recently. Did you really break his head?"

"No," Bali continued good naturedly, "I did not break his

head. You know why I visited him, every one knows. He knows too, now. He ruined more people than any magistrate in this province, which might be to his personal credit had he been compelled to surmount difficulties to reach his victims, but it takes little bravery to slaughter cattle. He used his runners to trample out the lives of his people without ever looking at his victims. On that night I took some of our best men with me and we fired off guns in the town till every head had disappeared within doors. I suspect that many did not stop by simply withdrawing from the street but the fleas under the mats had huge companions that night. When we reached the magistrate's house the brave runners were in hiding about the place. I left them to my gang and pulled the magistrate out of his closet myself, and sat him down in the middle of his office room. I told him who I was and he got down on the floor and begged for his life. He even gave me the keys to his money box without my asking for them, but I flung them in his face. I waited till he was through whimpering, and then I spat in his face and warmed him with my hands, first one cheek and then the other. My hands are not light, and they fairly lifted him from the mat. I did it because he was a coward. He did not even threaten me, but blubbered incontinently. When my fellows had pulled all the runners out of their hiding places I ordered the magistrate out on the front veranda to sit in judgment over them. I told him to order the runners to punish their trusted leader who had under the command of the magistrate, and also without his command, inflicted so much suffering upon the people. He did so, and the runners seized their leader and put him under the paddle with thirty blows. I pointed out another and then another till ten out of fifteen had been paddled, then the ones who had suffered turned upon the others who had done the beating, without any command from the magistrate, and with such good will did they do their work that I finally ordered them to stop. When the work was done I ordered the whole pack to prison and locked them in. Cowards! there were enough of them to have eaten us up. They knew it but were afraid."

(To be Continued).

